

FORD TIMES

february 1955





photograph by A. H. Scott

What Is It?

AN ERODED CANYON in Zion National Park? A section of Bryce Canyon? A glacier-carved peak in the Cascades?

Travelers who journey to the far West expect to see strange and colorful formations at every turn. But tourists driving down U. S. Route 301 near Zephyrhills, Florida, were rarely prepared for this view of snow-covered peaks rising amid orange groves and waving palms. What startled them was actually an immense pile of sawdust. The buttes, twenty feet or more in height, had been shaped by a smoldering fire; the "snow" was white ash from the burned sawdust. "Erosion" of the pile, one of several near the sawmill at the Hill Lumber Company of Zephyrhills, was stopped by heavy summer rains, but busy sawyers are still adding new peaks to the sawdust range. ■

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VOL. 47 • NO. 2

FEBRUARY, 1955

FORD TIMES

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The Ford Times is published monthly by
Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer, Dearborn, Michigan

DOWN THE RIVER

in a Ford

by Walker D. Wallace . . . paintings by James Warren

IT WAS the year 1928. The Alabama River was on a rampage. The roar of the water breaking over into the lowlands, was deafening. Debris of every description littered the great stream. The turbid water raced downstream, forming foam-flecked eddies. There was little traffic on the river when she was running wild. Steamboats had to feel their way through the drifts of logs and trees.

Nevertheless, I embarked on this river one cold January morning in one of the strangest crafts that ever sailed it.

My trapping camp, about ten miles south of the mouth of Little River, was on an old log landing. The river had completely cut me off from the piney woods, so far as my 1925 Model T roadster with pickup truck bed was concerned.

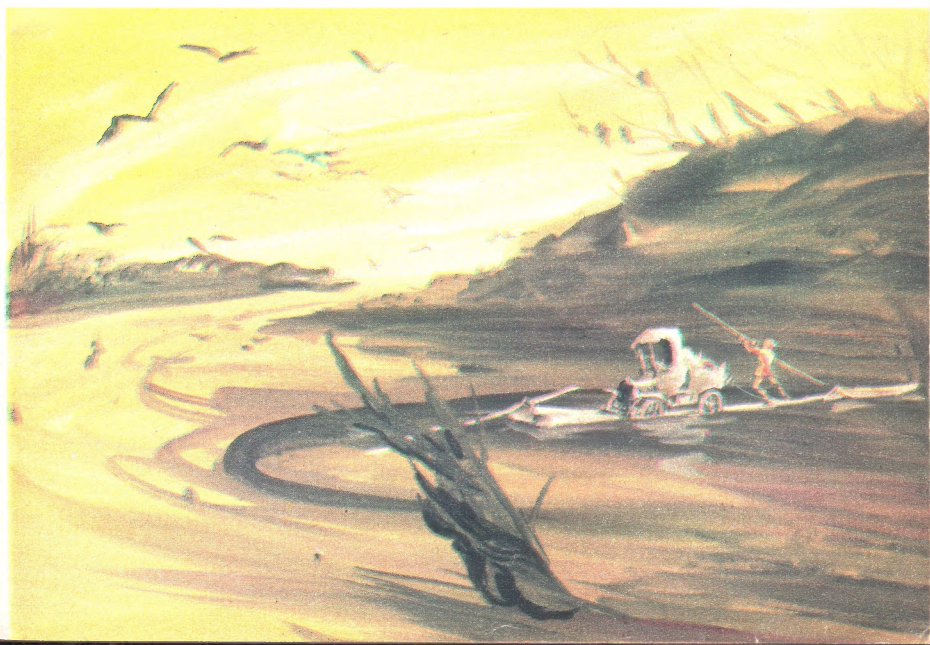
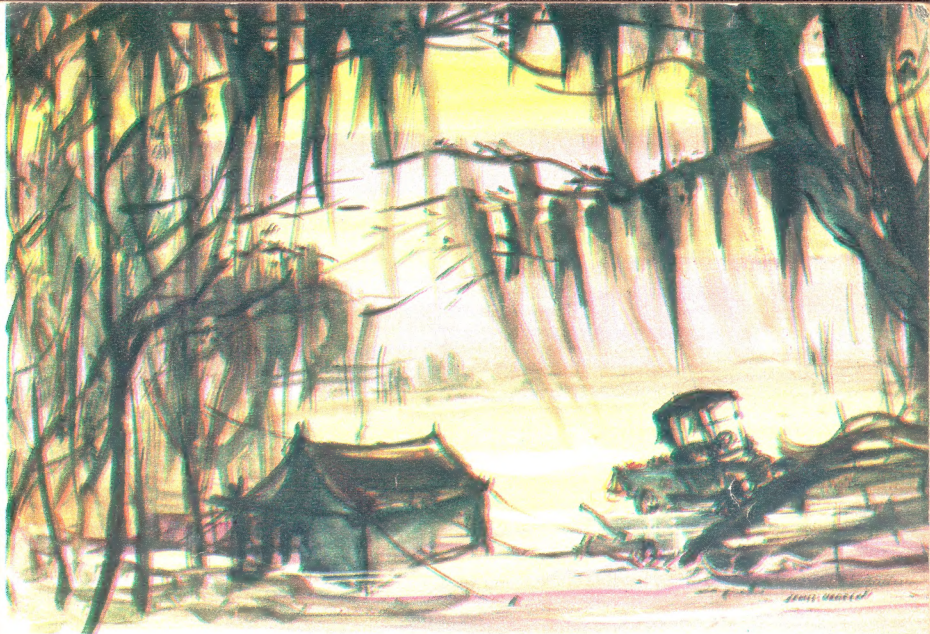
My take of pelts had been unusually good in this section so I took a chance and stayed on, hoping that the river would soon reach its crest and start falling. Instead, additional rains swelled the stream and brought the big flood of that year.

On this particular morning, I awoke to find the river running through my tent. I then realized that I must vacate—and in a hurry. But how to get my equipment out was the big problem. The small double-ender I used on the lakes and bayous, was too small to be of much help. I could abandon the truck and camping equipment and reach the piney woods, about three miles to the east, but I had quite an investment in the truck and trapping gear which I didn't care to lose.

I broke camp, loaded the truck, and prepared to leave,

Above right: "I found the river running through my tent"

Below right: "I straightened the raft and headed downriver"



"I pushed and pried to loosen the obstruction"→

praying that the river would not get high enough to cover the truck while I was away. But the thought of leaving Lizzie stranded in the swamp, filled me with sadness. The Ford and I had been through a lot together. Not knowing just how high the river would get, I decided to tie Lizzie to a tree. Looking for a rope or cable around the old landing where in previous years logs were rolled into the river and rafted, I noticed several extra long, small cypress logs. They were very dry and extra light and the thought struck me, why not bind a couple of them together making a raft on which the Ford would ride out the flood in safety.

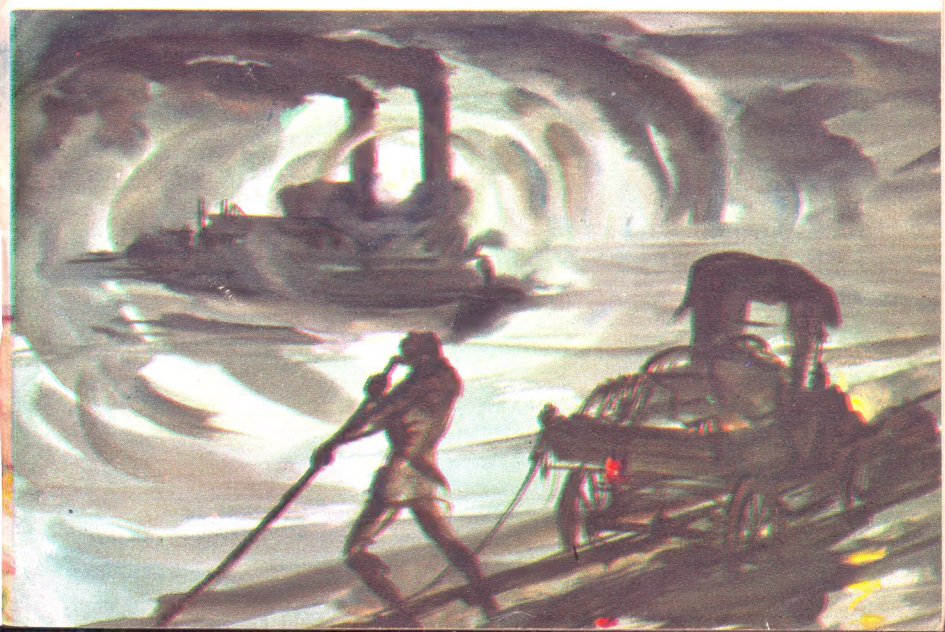
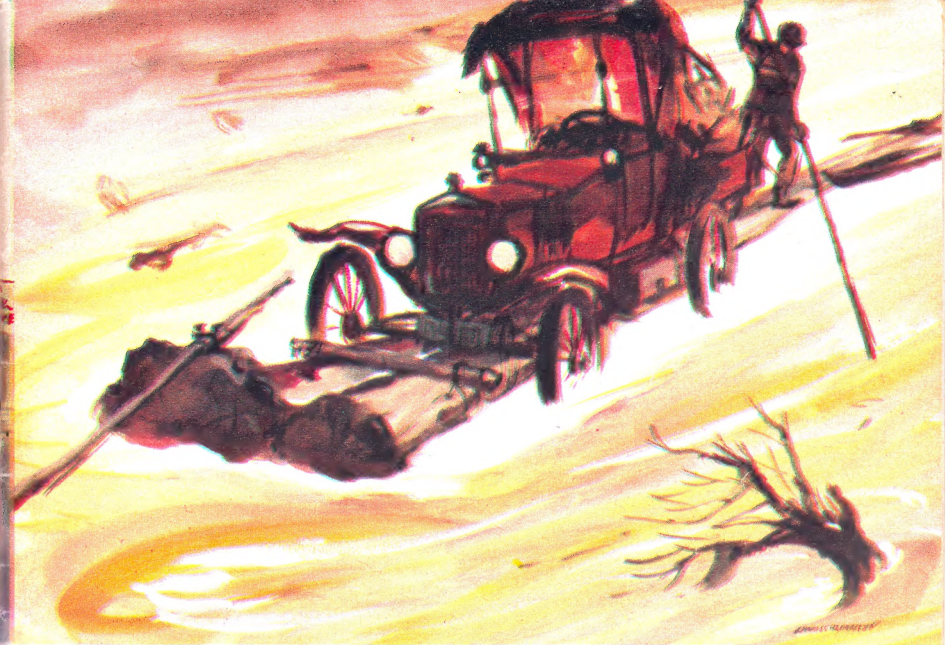
Cutting a heavy pry pole, I soon had the logs alongside each other. Cranking up the Ford, I tried driving it over the logs from the lowest end of the makeshift raft. The raft was six inches too wide and part of the butt was too high to drive over. I started to hew away the sides and butt of the raft, which took time. The river was fairly jumping up by then, having risen about halfway to the floorboard of the truck.

I managed to run the truck astride the logs and wired it down. I then fitted a binder across each end of the raft to strengthen it. After securely anchoring it to a tree, I was ready to leave for higher ground when my brain gave birth to a crazy idea. If the raft would carry the Ford, why not wait awhile on the river, climb aboard with the boat in tow and drift down the river to the mouth of Boatyard Lake, twenty-five miles to the south.

Once in the lake, I would manage some way to get the raft three miles up the lake to the landing, located on the edge of the piney woods. If I waited on the river, I would also have time to pick up traps that were out, thereby saving valuable pelts and equipment. I decided to stay.

I decided to remain overnight and have daylight for the voyage down the river. Next morning, the raft was floating nicely, the forward end high with the aft end slightly submerged. I tried my weight on the forward end and it carried me. There was still some work to perform before I turned loose. I had

"The pilot of the tug turned his searchlight on us"→



"I pushed hard and put the raft in the willows"→

forgotten to rig up a steering device. I got busy and cut two strong saplings, split the large ends and placed an eight-inch board in them.

I found some large spikes in my outfit, with which I made the oar locks. One oar I placed aft and one up forward. That problem solved, I cut a push pole to use in the event I found myself ramming into the shore or willows. It was around noon when I pushed the top-heavy raft out onto the racing current. The raft spun around several times before I got it straightened out and headed downstream, the double-ender trailing on the port side. I climbed over the cab to the boat so as to bring it forward and discovered that I had forgotten to bring the wire cable, which I had left lashed to the tree.

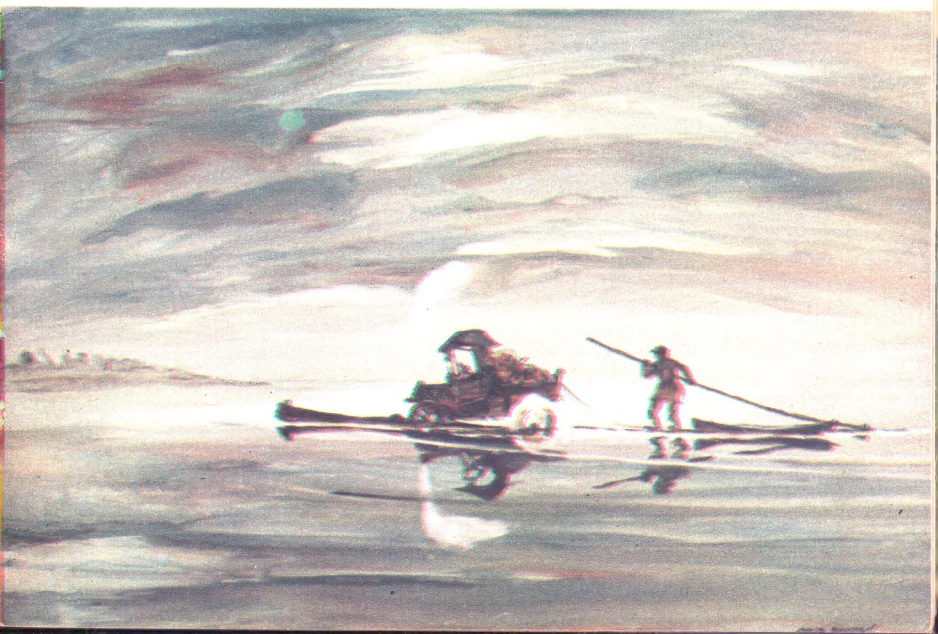
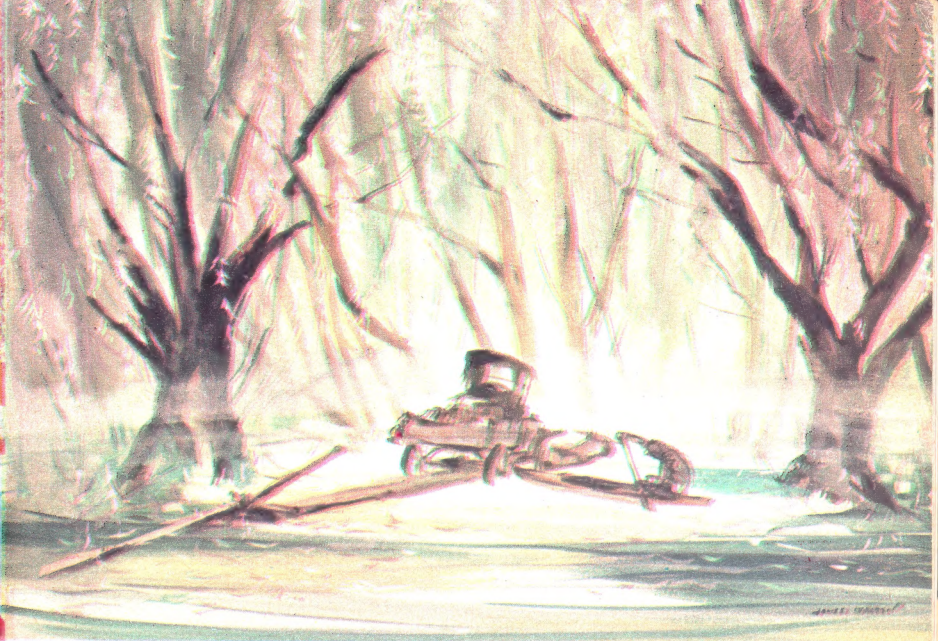
This was a nice predicament. If I managed to stop the raft at the mouth of the lake, I had nothing to tie it with. I would worry about that when I came to it.

I was preparing coffee when I noticed something cutting the water near the point of land we were passing. It was directly in our path and before I could get to the sweep, we had struck the obstruction. It passed beneath the raft, then popped up between the logs back aft, and caught the binder. The strain was terrific, but the binder held.

With all my prying and pushing to loosen it, I had failed to use my head. The solution of my problem came to me and it was so simple I felt like kicking myself for not thinking of it sooner. I went ashore and cut another binder. I had some reserve wire so I made the new binder fast ahead of the one that was fouled, cut the old binder and we were free again.

Darkness caught us at the cut-off, a stream that connects the Alabama and the Tombigbee rivers, about five miles from our destination. I turned the headlights of the truck on in order to see ahead and also to keep from being run down by some passing craft. A tug, towing a barge and headed upstream, passed us shortly after I turned the lights on. This was the first boat I had seen. As downstream boats have the right-of-way, I gave the passing signal by tooting the truck horn.

"The wheels churned like a side-wheeler of old"→



The pilot of the tug turned his searchlight on us. They reported later that they had seen everything but this was the first time they had witnessed a seagoing Ford.

As I neared the mouth of Boatyard Lake, I began to conjure up some method to halt the craft. I got on the oars and threw her into the eddy at the mouth, then jumped into the boat and shoved for fifteen or twenty minutes before putting her into the willows. I pulled her well into the mouth of the lake, and tied her up. The hazardous part of the voyage was over but I still had three miles of the lake to traverse, and there was a slight current coming down, too much for me to paddle against and too deep to pole.

The weather had warmed up during the afternoon and the wind was in the southeast. Bad weather would soon set in again so I was anxious to get my equipment in the dry. It then occurred to me that I might rig up paddles on the rear wheels of the truck. The very idea was fantastic but it intrigued me. Why not? The wheels were free. Maybe I could attach paddles of sorts that would propel the raft the three miles.

I tried to figure some way to fasten boards on the wheels but soon gave that up as a bad idea. The raft was moored alongside a huge cypress tree. Subconsciously I pulled off a piece of the soft flexible bark and was wrapping it around my forefinger. Glancing down I became as one hypnotized. There it was before me, the answer to my navigation problem.

A beaver never worked harder stripping the bark from a tree. I cut the bark into four inch strips and began wrapping it tightly around the wheels and tires. There was enough clearance inside and above the tires to permit a wrapping of five-inch thickness. At the end of each strip I would make a couple of wraps with wire to hold the bark in place. Four of these fins or paddles I wrapped onto each rear wheel, equal distances apart.

It was becoming grey in the east when I finished and cast off the moorings. I cranked the Ford and held her in low. The wheels churned the water like a side-wheeler of old. After gaining a good headway, I let the clutch out into high and she took it nicely. There were no speed records broken on that memorable day, but we came into port under our own power. ■



Palm Beach—a one-picture story

photograph by Joe Gottchalk and Warren Winstanley

PALM BEACH is typed in many people's minds as the winter home of millionaires. It deserves the reputation. Plush, sedate mansions line Ocean Boulevard for the length of the island; facing Lake Worth are the luxurious resort hotels, a swimming pool in every yard. But Palm Beach has her plebeian side, too, offering much of interest to the tourist with less than a million in his pocket.

There is an expansive beach open to the public, boating on Lake Worth, and fishing in the Atlantic off the pier which extends from Ocean Boulevard. The quiet avenues provide pleasant drives; or take a walk on the Lake Trail, which follows the shore of Lake Worth. Worth Avenue is excellent for window-shopping. The above view of Palm Beach is from West Palm Beach, across the lake.

Judging the Jumpers

by Jack Zimmerman . . . photograph by Ray Atkeson

IN SKI JUMPING, he who leaps the farthest is not always the best man.

During the 1954 Nordic World Ski Championships, Finland's Matti Pietikainen won the jumping crown with leaps of 76½ and 78 meters. Longer jumps were posted that January day, but none were done with his grace and finesse. The same day in Duluth, Minnesota, Jerry Lewis, sixteen-year-old hometown boy, won the U.S. National Junior Ski Jumping Championship with leaps of 91 and 92 feet, though Ragnar Ulland of Seattle made jumps of 92 and 95 feet.

Hjalmar Hvam, veteran of more than twenty years of competitive jumping, and manager of the last U.S. Winter Olympic team, explains this quirk of a fascinating sport:

"Simple," he says, "Jumpers win meets by amassing points on the basis of their skill. Ski jumping is a thing of beauty and jumpers don't win cups for their ability as daredevils. Contestants are judged equally on distance attained and the form displayed while seeking that distance."

Points are awarded as follows: a possible twenty based on distance, with judges controlling another twenty based on form. Two jumps are scored; if three judges are employed, a perfect score would be 240 points—a rare accomplishment, indeed, according to Hvam.

As the jumper heads down the incline each deviation from perfect style and form costs him part of his twenty points. No artificial means of accelerating speed is tolerated. A jump too early or too late, erratic behavior in flight, or too stiff a



Jumper at Multnomah Mountain, Oregon—Mt. Hood beyond

landing might cost two points each; a shaky landing deducts many points. Touching the snow to prevent a fall is considered a “fall” and can bring a penalty of from eight to ten points; an involuntary brush of the snow might cost only a half-point. A steady, upright position must be maintained until the turn, though a fall during the turn is not cause for penalty.

The jumper making the longest jump of the day receives twenty points; leaps of lesser distances are graduated on a corresponding point-foot basis. Thus it is easy to see how the jumper with fewer deviations from perfect style and grace, executing slightly shorter leaps with superior form, might edge out the man with the record jump.

The first American jumping record was 37 feet, posted in 1887 in Red Wing, Minnesota. Today the American mark is 316 feet. Ski jumpers in years to come may soar to far greater distances but judges will be waiting to clip their wings if they don't perform in the accepted manner. ■

EVERY ISLAND —

The Empire in the Marshes

by George N. Hebert

LIKE MUCH of the country in southern Louisiana, Avery Island is a land of marsh, huge live oaks, Spanish moss, alligators, heat, flowers, mystery and beauty. Yet there are differences.

For instance, it's a curious experience for visitors to make their way on the toll road through the thick vegetation, which to some has suggested the upper reaches of the Amazon, and to come all of a sudden on a factory. Admittedly, the factory is a small one, but nevertheless it is a very prominent one.

In it the McIlhenny Company makes Tabasco brand pepper sauce—the only source of that pepper seasoning which, when used with discretion, will glamorize the most common foods, Tabasco sauce has been made at Avery Island since 1868.

There are other points about Avery Island. Though called an island it isn't neatly surrounded by water according to the definition of islands. In that amphibious country a person can be confused as to what is land and what isn't. The maps, while spotting Avery Island, show it to be somewhat inland from the Gulf of Mexico and part of the mainland. However, it is a slightly hilly place surrounded, if not by water, at least by wetness—thus an island.

This is the so-called Teche country—the region of the Bayou Teche. The principal nearby city is New Iberia, 125 miles west

Above right: Egrets crowd the pilings. Photo by W. D. O'Neil.

Below right: Road to Avery Island. Photo by George N. Hebert.



of New Orleans. Avery Island is located about ten miles south of it.

Ever since the middle of the nineteenth century Avery Island has been the private empire belonging to the Avery and McIlhenny families, the principal figure today being Walter S. McIlhenny.

An older Mr. McIlhenny, E. A., noted for his writing on wildlife and for his work in establishing Louisiana wildlife refuges, is responsible for one of the amazing sights of Avery Island—the thousands and thousands of snowy egrets. These beautiful birds were near extinction many years ago when Mr. McIlhenny set out to save the remaining few from plume hunters. Now protected by law, there are as many as 20,000 of them to be seen at a time.

This enormous colony of egrets is the nucleus of Bird City, among Avery Island's marvelous sights. The colony now includes many other kinds of birds—herons, jays, tanagers, wrens, and migratory game birds. It is one of the finest bird observation places in the country.

Another of the older Mr. McIlhenny's accomplishments is Jungle Gardens, with its miles of roads and foot paths. The Gardens include trees, plants and flowers from all parts of the world, with such rare specimens as a podocarpus tree, nearly extinct, large red daisies from the Mountain of the Moon in Africa, many exotic orchids, soap trees from India and papyrus from the Nile.

Avery Island has a large salt mine under lease from the Avery and McIlhenny families. Salt was first taken there in 1790 and was of such importance to the South in the Civil War that the North felt obliged to take the operation over by force. Today millions of tons of salt are mined, and the underground corridors with ceilings a hundred feet high are strange and beautiful.

Finally, Avery Island now has sixty producing oil wells. Visitors sometimes hear the noises of a dry-land well and then are astounded to come on it amidst wistaria vines, bamboo forests and live oak trees.

With the oil, the salt, the egrets, the Tabasco and all the wonders of the tropics around, Avery Island is one of the fascinating places of this country. ■



Ranch Wagon Ideas

R. B. HOLLAND of Salt Lake City, Utah, has stressed simplicity in outfitting his Ranch Wagon. Using standard plumbing pipe and fittings, and ordinary electrical wall conduit, he has built the accessories shown above. On the left, inside the wagon, is a portable, collapsible camp cot which can be used inside the vehicle to sleep one, or outside as a table or daybed. With legs removed this unit can be easily hauled or stored.

The overall measurements of the cot are seventy-one inches in length, twenty-six inches in width, and nineteen inches in height. The canvas portion of the cot is provided with a wide hem where the cloth meets the pipe framework. Grommets are set into the ends of the canvas through which a cord is run to lace it to the frame, creating a hammock-like endwise tension.

Holland built the luggage rack, right, from wall conduit and attaches it to his top with suction discs and straps. The rack is designed to carry the cot and air mattresses in addition to other luggage.

John W. Bowlds of Los Angeles wanted a mobile unit with complete kitchen facilities and a comfortable bed ready for use at all times. He didn't want to have to set anything up, nor did he want his camping unit to depend on a lean-to or other exterior attachment.

Accordingly, Bowlds designed and built for his 1952 Ranch Wagon the compact equipment shown in the photograph

below. He built a car-width cabinet to fit the back of the wagon and formed a base for the double bed.

He then built a large drawer that slides in and out of the cabinet on rollers. This drawer includes an icebox at the rear deep enough to accommodate quart milk containers and a twenty-five-pound block of ice. It drains on the ground when the drawer is pulled out and through a small funnel in the floor when it is pushed in. The drawer has folding leaves at the sides which let down to form work shelves.

Behind the icebox is a compartment containing a gasoline stove mounted on asbestos. Behind the stove compartment is a space for kitchen utensils. Running alongside the stove and utensil portions is a long bin for storing groceries, gasoline, medical supplies, and other necessities. Luggage is stored in a space between the end of the drawer and the front seat. A canvas hood fitting over the top down to the chrome line provides privacy. Bowlds' is a compact and practical installation.





One suggested use of the Ranch Wagon frequently received is that of an ambulance, and every suggester has cited as a reason the low cost and upkeep of this unit in comparison with the heavier emergency equipment. This use will be of special significance to local governments, the Red Cross, undertakers, and private clinics.

The photographs on this page were sent in by E. R. Stallings, county manager of San Mateo County, California, and are unusual in that this community has used Ranch Wagons to combine police and ambulance patrol services. The unit carries medical supplies and cots for two patients. ■



CASTROVILLE, TEXAS—

Old France in the Lone Star

story and paintings by W. Douglas Hartley

ABOUT twenty-five miles west of San Antonio, straddling U.S. Highway 90, is the Texas town of Castroville. Drive off the main highway a block or two and you will find yourself in a quiet, old French village where the pitch of the roofs, the overhanging balconies, even the shape of the windows are French.

In the center of town, on all sides of the square known as Houston Common, are buildings of fine French provincial architecture. One of these is the old Carle House, shown in the painting at upper left, a two-story structure of plaster on stone built around 1850. Also of French provincial design is the Landmark Inn—originally the Vance Hotel—situated a half-block from the highway bridge. Its two-foot-thick walls of plastered stone were erected in 1848; typically the back wall is toward the street and the front porches overlook a cool, green courtyard. On the corner of Florella and Madrid streets is the former Tarde Hotel, built around 1857. Shown in the lower painting, it is now a private home.

Castroville was founded by a Frenchman named Henri de Castro, who in 1842 encouraged a group of French families to come to America to colonize. They settled at last on the banks of the Medina River where they lived in comparative isolation. In the stores and on the streets of Castroville you will still hear the people speak Alsatian. They have kept the old customs, too—it seems that most weddings are held on Tuesdays, a practice which has its roots in Alsace although no one can explain it. Three days before Easter there is a solemn pilgrimage from the Church of St. Louis on Houston Common to the cross on top of Mount Gentilz. From this high hill you gain an excellent view of the unique and charming village—a corner of old France, three generations removed, yet little changed. ■



photograph by R. H. Cook

Woodpecker Warehouse — *a one-picture story*

THE ABOVE photograph shows the trunk of an oak tree, native to the Klamath River region of northern California, which a group of enterprising woodpeckers has converted into a winter storehouse. The birds drilled the trunk and limbs full of holes and energetically stuffed them with acorns gathered from around the tree. Even limbs as small as five or six inches in diameter are honey-combed with the acorns.

Although woodpeckers as a rule prefer insects to seeds and nuts, they will eat the latter (as you may have learned by watching them at your feeding station) and even tuck them away in storage, following an instinct less common in birds than in rodents. Acorns, becoming plentiful in the fall, are especially convenient for storing against the lean winter months. This tree, about sixty-five feet high, serves also as a housing project with seventeen separate nest holes.

My Favorite Town—

Alexandria, Virginia

by Charles Christian Wertenbaker . . . paintings by Stuart Hodge

I GOT to know Alexandria the way a good town should be known—by the music of its voices, the odors from its doorways, the feel of its paving on the soles of the feet. Lead me blindfolded over the cobblestones of lower Prince Street, and as soon as I can smell the river I will tell you where we are.

I think I walked from end to end of every street in the town, rang or knocked at three-fourths of the doors, and talked with at least a quarter of the population, which was 18,060 in the census of 1920, but may have been up or down by a few when I arrived two years later. In 1922 Alexandria had not yet been recognized as a tourist attraction or as a fashionable appendage of Washington; it was becalmed somewhere short of the two.

That wasn't my first visit by any means. As a child I had sat with my mother in the Pullman from the North under a droning fan, and looked through the screen at the dark faces on the station platform, which were comforting reassurances to my mother—who never in her life grew used to the North—that we were in Virginia for another summer. I spent four years at school three miles from Alexandria, but the school and the roads around it meant more to me than "Alex" (we pronounced it "Elex")—a dull town by a schoolboy's standards, and a drowsy town by any. It was the Alexandria of my first real job that became my favorite town.

The job came about through a misunderstanding, although I never learned whose. I had been trying to "break into the newspaper game," as I was told to phrase it, with no success whatever, since all I knew about the game was that I wanted



← *A view of lower Prince Street*

to be in it. At last I put a friend on the spot and wrote to Charles Carlin, Jr., whose father, Charles Carlin, Sr., was proprietor of the *Alexandria Gazette*. To my astonishment, I got a telegram back, offering me twenty dollars a week as a "cub reporter"; I still remember my pride when I read those two words. But when I reported for duty, Charlie Carlin told me with some embarrassment that the *Gazette* didn't need a reporter after all. It had one. There was a vacancy, however, because the circulation manager had just left.

It wasn't an arduous job. I had some records to keep, but my chief duty was to "build up the circulation," which was then, as I recall it, around 3000. I asked how I was to go about this task, and Charlie said: "Why, just go out and get subscriptions." I even had an assistant, who was also supposed to get subscriptions and to collect for those already in being. After a week or so, he and I decided to pool our forces on the theory that two men are twice as hard to shoo away from a doorway as one man.

I never liked ringing doorbells, even as a youngster on Hallowe'en. But soon I found that two men with a newspaper to sell were not regarded solely as nuisances. Most of the women who came to the doors were nice to us. Some of them offered us iced tea or lemonade, a fair number paid something on their bills, and a few took new subscriptions. The only doors we learned to shun were the ones with polished knockers, which were usually opened by maids who declined to bother their mistresses with our business.

I am pretty sure we knocked or rang at the doors of 607 and 611 Cameron Street, one of which belonged to Lord Fairfax and the other to Light-Horse Harry Lee. I don't remember whether the doors were opened. Of course we passed by Gadsby's Tavern where Washington once had his headquarters, and the Carlyle House, where Braddock had his, but I don't think the historical associations meant much to us or to many other people in Alexandria in those days; they were just old houses that made the town a pleasant place to be in.

← *Cameron and St. Asaph streets*



←*Gadsby's Tavern—once Washington's headquarters*

During the heat of midsummer, my assistant and I felt entitled to rest about once every hour. Sometimes we would sit by the Potomac, and I would think about the cargoes of rum that sailing ships used to land there. Sometimes we would simply sit down on the curb of some tree-shaded street like St. Asaph. Sometimes we would work one of the suburbs, like Rosemont, which has long since disappeared into the spreading city that "Alex" has become, and lie under a tree and smoke until it was time to ring another bell.

I had a good time that summer, when I was 21. The *Gazette* got a new editor about the time it got me, a short and cheerful man named Parker Anderson, and Anderson invited me to share his large apartment for the modest sum I could afford. I am not able to testify about his abilities as an editor, since I was too inexperienced to gauge them, but I can certify that he was an excellent poker player. Some of my evenings were spent in the company of his friends among the Washington correspondents, and proving to be their equal at poker I grew to think of myself as a fellow newspaperman, although I had not yet written a line for print.

Other evenings I spent dancing to the music of Jan Garber's orchestra at the new Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, and there one evening, I met a redhead who was to prove my undoing as a citizen of Alexandria. It would be more accurate to say that the redhead was half my undoing; the other half was done, or undone, by the *Gazette's* Model T Ford.

The *Gazette* owned a Model T roadster with a big square box in back on which was conspicuously lettered in gold: THE ALEXANDRIA GAZETTE—OLDEST DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES AND BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA. As the flatbed press fed out papers each afternoon, about as fast as I could deal cards, they would be counted into bundles, packed in the box, and delivered to girls in the suburbs, who distributed them on their bicycles. Often I drove the Model T on these rounds, and as circulation manager I was entitled to a key. As my interest in the

←*Waterfront on the Potomac River at Alexandria*



←Christ Church

redhead grew, I formed the habit of using the car to pay my calls in the evening. Mr. Carlin was away, and Anderson didn't seem to mind; it will do his memory no damage to mention that he occasionally borrowed the Ford himself.

Then, late in the summer, Mr. Carlin came home and several things happened rather rapidly. First, a new circulation manager was installed and I was declared to be a reporter. This was what I had wanted to be in the beginning, but I had taken some pride in doing the other job pretty well, so the shift made me a little uneasy. Mike Houston, the regular reporter, had all the steady beats, and although he gave me tips and passed me an assignment when he could, I didn't have enough to do. Anderson said cheerfully: "Just go out and dig up some stories," and as a suggestion mentioned that there was always a story in Christ Church, where Washington and Lee had worshipped. I don't remember what I wrote about the church, but I do remember that I got most of it from the organist and the organist didn't like it and said so; and the *Gazette* apologized. But I didn't get fired for that.

My redhead was a tall girl and not likely to be unnoticed sitting in a Model T roadster with the top down. And that Model T, with its box and gaudy sign, was not likely to be unnoticed in the Washington traffic, even at night. Somewhere between Wardman Park and Genevieve's house, a large car tooted twice as it passed us, and Mr. Carlin raised his hat. I am afraid I forgot to return the greeting.

Parker Anderson was a kind man, and within two days he had found me a job as a cub reporter in Norfolk where I began to learn the trade. I have walked a lot of streets in the line of duty since then, but none of them quite the same as Alexandria's which had a smell of kindly old age. And no other newspaper office has been quite as much like a newspaper office as the office of the *Gazette* which is still on King Street, and whose publisher is now the younger Charles Carlin. If he should ever need a circulation manager, I hope he will consider me for the job. ■

←City Hall



NUTRIA—

Mr. High-Hat Rat

by Frank G. Ashbrook . . . paintings by Charles Culver

UNDER COVER of night sixteen years ago Old High Hat, a rat-like fur animal about the size of a dachshund, gnawed his way to freedom from a pen on Avery Island, Louisiana. Eleven of his

companions scampered quickly through the tunnel and all disappeared into the vast, lush, tidal marshes of Louisiana. They were expected to perish in a few days. The marshes in this state teemed

with alligators that would make short work of these escapees. But not so! Last year the trappers in Louisiana took 100,000 nutria pelts, valued at \$170,000.

The nutria is a native of South America and is found indigenously nowhere else in the world. It inhabits fresh-water streams, ponds and lakes; also marshes having an abundance of aquatic plants, which it eats. To the early Spaniards who explored South America, this rodent looked like a form of European otter, so they dubbed it "nutria," the Spanish word for otter.

The nutria masquerades under many aliases—swamp beaver, roundtail beaver, and South American beaver. All are quite misleading, often intentionally. The nutria is a rat, the largest of its kind, and the scientific name is *Myocastor coypu*.

In the early days carnival folk sometimes exhibited this animal as a sample of what London can produce in the way of sewer rats, though it was unfair to London.

On first sight a nutria on land looks like a stunted beaver with a messy fur coat. Its head is short, it's ears round, and long whiskers sprout all around the mouth. Full grown it weighs up to twenty-five pounds. Standing on its hind legs, the nutria resembles the profile of an Irish terrier. The legs are scarcely long enough to keep the proportionately large body off the ground giving the nutria a clumsy appearance when in motion. When disturbed or excited it moves rapidly, in short hops. The tail is black, long, round and thinly covered with bristles.

The nutria's long, chisel-like teeth give the impression, because



of their color, that the creature chews tobacco. With these teeth the nutria can inflict serious wounds and can cut off a handler's thumb or finger in one snap of the powerful jaws. The only way to handle the nutria is by the tail, holding it at a safe distance.

The female nutria has four or five pairs of mammary glands and teats arranged along either side, high up. So high on the sides are these milk teats that the young can nurse while the mother is floating

in the water. A mother nutria nursing her litter in the water looks like a submarine taking on fuel and supplies.

The gestation period is from 130 to 150 days. There are from two to eight babies in a litter and usually two litters a year. When born, the babies have a good coat of fur and in a few hours they are able to get around. When about ten days old they begin to eat some solid food, and move about rapidly.

Being strictly a vegetarian, the



nutria relishes a wide variety of green plants and roots. Even in water stocked with fish, the nutria has never been observed eating them, nor has it shown a tendency to molest the nests or eat the eggs of birds.

Sometimes nutrias, like muskrats, burrow into banks close to the water level. Each pair makes its own burrow. As the family grows the burrow is enlarged since the offspring from one pair continue to live in the same underground house. If such a site is left undisturbed, it becomes the home of a large colony.

Icy water does not seem to deter the nutria and apparently it experiences no ill effects other than freezing the tip end of its tail, which eventually drops off. Nutrias have been observed running over the ice in search of a water opening in which to plunge and swim about. Young nutrias follow the mother into the same icy water.

Nutria fur differs from the fur of all other water animals in one respect—the back is of no use for fur purposes; only the belly can be used in making fur garments. This is because the underfur on the belly and sides is denser and of better quality than on the back.

The natural long outer guard hairs are plucked out, and then the nutria is comparable to the beaver in color beauty. Dark blue-



brown is the natural color of the soft, rich underfur. It is used principally for making women's coats, but a certain quantity goes for trimming cloth coats. Because of its short nap, nutria will not mat as much as beaver.

This new resident of the U.S. has been seen in various sections of the country in recent years, and is well established in Louisiana, Texas, and Washington. It is paradoxical that the occurrence of nutrias in our marshes was brought about by defeated fur farmers who permitted escape of these animals from captivity. Trappers may find that the little aliens will be vastly important to their prosperity in years to come.



Chinatown, My Chinatown

by Charles L. Leong
paintings by Jake Lee



I have always felt a certain amount of mild amusement at the great pride that Yankees have in their 300 years of history in this country. And our Spanish of the Southwest with their 500 years. Not that they haven't all the right in the world to their pride—but if they don't mind, mine goes back 4600 years, forty-six documented centuries.

It hasn't all been in America, of course. We've been here hardly more than a hundred years, but the mere crossing of an ocean and starting life in California was by no means a



Chinese New Year—the dragon swallows the sun

new book in our history, as it was with the Yankees and the Spanish, who began all over again when they got here.

With us Chinese, tradition is too powerful a thing to be interrupted by a 7000-mile voyage from the home country. In many ways it is as powerful now as ever, in spite of outward appearances. To be sure, Chinese families are leaving Chinatown now for modern housing in other parts of San Francisco, our girls wear bobby sox on occasion, and the kids sometimes play at being the Lone Ranger in the alleys off

Grant Avenue. But these are only superficial changes. The pride of being Chinese goes on.

I confess there was a time when I didn't feel this pride. It was mainly during my college days, a period in which I was hypnotized by some highbrow ideas. I was, in fact, a snob. Whenever I used to hear the brassy strains of "Chinatown, My Chinatown" in a nightclub or theatre, I squirmed inside with the uneasy feeling that people were staring at me.

Those days have passed. I love Chinatown. I live in it and find it fascinating. Someday when my two sons are old enough I am going to take them on the kind of tour that tourists never see, the places where old men count on the abacus, where the language is Cantonese, where the food has the spices and herbs that Chinese cooks use for palates like their own, where people still make offerings to the gods.

Though I was born in Chinatown, I didn't grow up there. I grew up in the country a hundred miles away, where I had apple trees to climb, a general store to buy "likwish" in, and squirrels to chase.

When I was five, my mother brought me to Chinatown for the first time in my memory. She had come to see an herbalist about an ache or pain. She had little faith in Western medicine. To her it was an upstart science. Chinese herbs had been curing people for a much longer time.

Anyway, we went to the herb shop called Oy Wo Tong, the House of Harmony and Peace. It is still there, and so is the herb man, ready to intrigue today's tourist just as I was intrigued. How could anyone fail to stare at a display of dried sea horses and rattlesnakes pickled in Chinese wine?

That was when I saw the Chinese New Year for the first time, and when I learned that while Chinatown is a combination of a thousand sounds and smells, the big sensation is of bursting firecrackers. I was watching everything from a balcony with Cousin Ming and his sister, Precious Pearl. The roar of tens of thousands of firecrackers frightened me, and with my hands over my ears I turned to find Precious Pearl looking at me with a smile of amusement.

That wasn't the last fright of the day. There was the big dragon. Down the narrow street it came, bobbing and weav-



Scene from a classical Chinese opera

ing, accompanied by the strange sound of cymbals and drums. Its head was the size of a kitchen table and it had a hundred feet. Its eyes rolled, it lunged toward me, and for one instant of horror I thought I would be swallowed. Then it moved aside, and Cousin Ming gave me a candy to stop my crying.

No one is frightened in Chinatown today. Some may go there to see if any Fu Manchu atmosphere remains—and it does, if you are willing to wander down the narrow little lanes that seem to be dead ends. But mainly, people go for pleasure, and one of the principal pleasures is eat-



ing. If my Chinatown is known for anything else besides size, it's the wonderful food.

During my boyhood visits there I was always impressed by the tray-bearer padding up and down the steep hills with a full course dinner on his head. Each one looked like a philosopher who carried the proof of his belief on the tray. They were on the move twenty-four hours a day, for Chinatown was always a hungry place. The bearers knew every nook and cranny of our complicated community. They were as dependable as the mail. I'm sorry they're gone. The chow mein truck may be more efficient but it will never have the character of the tray bearers.

A few other things are gone, too, I'm afraid. We no longer have the tribe of geomancers, diviners, and expounders of the mystic eight tri-grams who used to have stalls along the side streets. We didn't really believe their fortune-telling, but oh, how they could lie a little joy and luck into a drab life!

If some things have gone, the food hasn't, and that's always pleasant to come back to. The cooks of Chinatown were called on years ago to satisfy the tastes of San Francisco's new millionaires, the nabobs of silver and railroads, and the results created a terrific standard and an undying reputation. Chinese banquets had thirty-two courses—ducks from China's region of the Three Rivers, chestnuts from the City of Cassia Forest, hams from the City of Golden Splendor.

The imports have shrunk, of course, but even now the shark fins, the terrapin, the almond cakes, the delicious Bay shrimp shelled in the sun by the women—all these go into the kitchen to make the food Chinatown is famous for, food equal to, if not greater than what the French produce. Only try, if you can, not to follow the tourists into the restaurants that lure with blinking neon signs and little else. Eat where the Chinese eat and you'll have something to talk about.

And you should try the wines with dinner, not only because they are delicious but because their names will entrance you: Dew of Roses, for instance, or Dragon-Tiger-Phoenix, of which a generous draught will enable you to personify any or all three.

I want to take the two boys on a tour some day soon.

I want them to see the Chinese opera before it's too late. When I was a kid, being a country boy who had chased squirrels, I went to the opera but I didn't get it at all; it was like a night with the Marx brothers. But perhaps my boys will bring a more sensible attitude to it to help them understand the classical themes, the gorgeous costumes, and the symbolism. I'm pretty sure, right now, that they won't have any trouble with the roasted chestnuts and the dried beef that are eaten from the first act right through the long evening.

And I have a feeling that when they hear "Chinatown, My Chinatown" later in life they'll like the song as much as I do now, and love the place as much as I do. ■



A typical corner of San Francisco's Chinatown



photograph by Art Riley and Warren Winstanley→

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Hungry Horse Dam

by Melvin Beck

ONE of the newest and most spectacular of the nation's dams is the one named Hungry Horse, a glistening white barrier across a lower reach of the South Fork of Montana's Flathead River.

Hungry Horse Dam, a few miles west of Glacier National Park, is the fourth largest and third highest concrete dam ever built in this country. Its 564-foot height and 2,115-foot width impound a deep reservoir thirty-four miles long and up to three and one-half miles wide which adds another storehouse of electricity to the Pacific Northwest. The upper photograph is a view looking up this reservoir.

Construction figures give an insight into the immensity of such an undertaking. The thickness of the dam increases downward from its 39-foot roadway at the top to 330 feet at the bottom where it joins bedrock. The gate which admits water to turbines to spin generators is of the ring type, called the "glory hole," much like the drain in a bathtub, and Hungry Horse's with a diameter of sixty-four feet is the largest of its type in the world.

This great aluminum ring gate can be depressed to a distance of twelve feet to feed varying amounts of water into the turbines. With just six inches of water going over the rim, the volume is more than 700 cubic feet per second. With the ring gate fully depressed this volume increases to well over 30,000 cubic feet per second. Eight thousand cubic feet of water per second keeps the dam's four 71,250-kilowatt generators at capacity. The lower photograph shows a closer view of the dam and the glory hole as it takes in water. ■

photograph by Art Riley→



Louisiana's Tasty "Lobster"—

CRAYFISH

story and paintings by Adolph Kronengold

ONE of the nice things about living in the state of Louisiana is the amount of food you can get for nothing. A good example of this is the crawfish, or crayfish.

These little fresh-water relatives of the lobster can be found almost anywhere in the country, but in the marshy sections of the Gulf Coast eighty per cent of them are caught and that's where they're appreciated the most.

There is no season on crayfish in Louisiana, nor does the state care how many you catch, or how you catch them. Though given the fairly unappetizing name of "mudbug," they are caught by the million each year, and for the natives—and their lucky guests—they form the nucleus of some really wonderful Southern eating.

Louisiana people are interested mainly in the red, or swamp, crayfish, and the white, or river, crayfish. The state has several other varieties, but these are either too small or too scarce to matter. The two common ones are featured on many a family table, in picnic pots, and in the great restaurants of New Orleans, where a crayfish Creole is something a Northerner raves about back home.

The big season for crayfish starts in the later winter months when the sun begins to bring the creatures up from the mud in which they wait out the cold weather. From then on, until they

*Above right: Bailing the crayfish nets.
Below right: A "string and sloop" net.*



Dragging a crayfish net in the rice fields→

begin to mate in late spring, they are available in huge quantities—and so are the people who are addicted to hunting them.

Methods of crayfishing in Louisiana, which is often a family affair, vary. The simplest, and a favorite with youngsters, is just to bait a string with a piece of meat. When the crayfish starts eating, you haul it up to the surface and get it with a scoop or landing net before it drops in the water.

The commonest method of catching the tasty crustaceans is to wade into shallow water and distribute baited nets. These flat string-mesh nets are usually twelve to fourteen inches square. Two half-loops of wire form a sort of cross which keeps the net open. A piece of bright cloth is often used to mark the nets.

The net is baited with a bit of gar, or gar eggs, tied to the center of the net. Every fifteen or twenty minutes the nets are raised by inserting a pole under the wire. If there are crawfish in the water there will be anywhere from four to a dozen or so in the net.

In the rice fields of southwestern Louisiana, crayfishermen use a seine about ten feet long, which they drag across a canal, getting half a gallon of crayfish at each drag. There is a record of three young men getting more than a ton of crayfish in eight hours. The commercial crayfishermen use traps in deeper water where the mudbugs are bigger and, which means higher prices.

Springtime brings a common sight along Louisiana's highways—the trucks and cars of crayfishermen parked by the road and displaying hampers of crayfish. The roadside sign they use is a crayfish dangling from a string tied to a stick.

The usual result of a family catch is a “boil.” This is simply a large number of crayfish boiled in highly seasoned water. Crayfish bisque is something else again. A complicated dish, it involves crayfish heads stuffed with crayfish meat and specially seasoned. Most Louisianans know the recipe.

A crayfish hunt is Louisiana fun at its best, while a crayfish bisque is Creole cooking at its most elegant. ■

Commercial fishermen drag much deeper water→



Legends Among the Papago

photographs by Josef W. Muench

THE top picture on the opposite page shows the Papago Indian Baby Shrine, landmark of a legend among the Papago Indians of southwestern Arizona. Strange as it may seem in the desert today, the legend concerns a flood.

As the story is told, the leaders of the tribe ordered the sacrifice of three babies in order to propitiate the gods of the flood. Each year the Papago gather at the place where the children were buried and hold memorial ceremonies. A ring of peeled ocotillo branches marks the spot, a strange monument to an ancient belief.

The lower picture shows Baboquivari Peak, which, 8000 feet high, is the pinnacle of the Papago reservation. This summit is the center of a number of legends, one of them inevitably being that of an Indian maid who threw herself off the top.

In this case, the story goes that the girl, named Heavenly Vision, was promised to the young man successful in climbing the almost inaccessible mountain. Her lover reached the peak, but the joy of succeeding was too much for him. He started down the hill in such a hurry he got killed.

The rest of the story is in true Indian legend tradition. The girl, faithful to the pact, ascended to the very point where her fiancé was killed, and threw herself from the peak.

There is hardly an Indian tribe in the country without its story of a maid, often the chief's daughter, or a brave, often the chief's son, who jumped from a cliff for love. No one will begrudge the Papago's lack of originality, for they are a simple, kindly, pastoral people whose legends are not of war but of their struggle with an inhospitable region. In a way, the story of the Indian girl is part of that.



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Driving the Outer Banks

A DRIVE ALONG the Outer Banks of North Carolina was once recommended for the adventurous only. Now, with the paving of a hard-surfaced road, plus development of the Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreation Area and expansion of tourist facilities, the adventure can be undertaken with ease and little risk. The weather is mild the year around.

"Outer Banks" is the name given to the string of narrow islands—Bodie, Hatteras and Ocracoke—that lie off the coast of North Carolina, reaching thirty miles or so into the Atlantic. It is historic land, rich in tales of shipwrecks, pirates and mysterious events. Sailing men long avoided the islands, fearful of the fierce storms and treacherous reefs; but pirates such as Blackbeard found perfect retreats in the protected coves. Semi-isolation has been preserved despite the new road which extends from Hatteras up to Oregon Inlet (crossed by a free ferry) and to Nags Head, where it joins U.S. 158 and—by ferry—U.S. highways 64 and 264.

Nearly 28,500 acres of Outer Banks beachland are included in the newly-formed Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreation Area—the largest stretch of unspoiled seashore on the Atlantic Coast, and America's only national seashore park. Excellent hunting and surfcasting are available except in the large Pea Island Wildlife Refuge which is a part of the park. Open to visitors also is a maritime museum and, nearby, the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, overlooking the "Graveyard of the Atlantic" where currents of the sea have deposited numberless wrecks, from ancient wood skeletons to iron hulls. The ship shown at upper right was torpedoed during World War II, and came ashore near the village of Rodanthe. Driftwood sales places, such as pictured at lower right, are recent additions to the Outer Banks. ■

photograph by Frank J. Miller and Warren Winstanley→



Ford's Famous **Five**

Four Brilliant V-8's and a Spirited Six Power the New '55 Ford Line

BUYERS of cars in Ford's Fairlane and Station Wagon series with Fordomatic transmissions will have a choice of three agile and responsive engines, headlined by the all-new Y-Block Special V-8 of 182 hp.

This brilliant power plant brings Ford's Trigger-Torque characteristics to the ultimate. With a cylinder displacement of 272 cubic inches and a high compression ratio of 8.5 to 1, this engine achieves its rated horsepower at 4,400 rpm. Its terrific torque peak of 268 foot-pounds is reached at the comparatively low engine speed of 2,600 rpm, providing the super responsiveness that is a large safety factor in normal driving ranges.

This engine is teamed with the dual exhaust system that is standard on the Fairlane and Station Wagon series, and is equipped with a four-barrel carburetor with

automatic choke and special intake manifold, a special vacuum-controlled distributor, a new low-restriction oil-bath air cleaner, and special high compression cylinder heads. The Y-Block Special V-8 is designed to operate on premium fuel.

Ford's new regular Y-Block V-8, available on any model with conventional, overdrive, or Fordomatic transmission, delivers 162 hp at 4,400 rpm, and 258 foot-pounds of torque at 2,200 rpm. This engine, up 32 hp from the 1954 V-8, has a 272 cubic inch displacement and a 7.6 to 1 compression ratio.

The 120 hp I-Block overhead valve six-cylinder Ford engine, with 223 cubic inch displacement, delivers its peak horsepower at 4,000 rpm, with a torque peak of 195 foot-pounds at engine speeds of between 1,200 and 2,400 rpm. Its compression ratio is 7.5 to 1.

This six is available with any of the sixteen Ford models for 1955.

Two other, more powerful Y-Block V-8's are available to purchasers of the superbly styled new Ford Thunderbird. The car's outstanding performance in all speed ranges is provided by a high-torque engine of 292 inches displacement. The Thunderbird Special V-8 for use with standard and overdrive transmissions has a compression ratio of 8.8 to 1, delivers 193 hp at 4,400 rpm, and has a torque peak of 280 foot-pounds at 2,600 rpm.

The Thunderbird Special V-8 for use with the Fordomatic transmission only has a compression ratio of 8.5 to 1, develops 198 hp at 4,400 rpm, and 286 foot-pounds of torque at 2,500 rpm. Both engines have a bore and stroke of 3.75 inches by 3.30 inches. Top speed of both is well over 100 mph.

The increased power of all five Ford engines was included not with top speed in mind, but to provide the quick response and safety of extra power in all speed ranges. ■

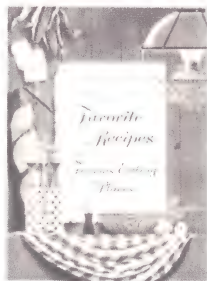
NEW COOKBOOK

In case you missed the announcement in a recent issue, the all-new 256-page *Second Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Eating Places* is now available. Published by Simon & Schuster, this book boasts twice as much color as the first book and is a four-year collection of the **FORD TIMES** and **LINCOLN-MERCURY TIMES** recipe features.

Each page is illustrated with an original painting and there is a favorite recipe or two, plus background material on the restaurant. The recipes have been cut to family size and kitchen-tested by the staff of the Women's City Club of Detroit.

There is a reference list of over 425 restaurants, including all of the eating places featured in Volume I.

If your local book or department store does not have the book, order directly from the publisher. Send \$1.95 to: **Simon & Schuster, Dept. FT, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.**





Ford's Historic Site

story and paintings by Frederick T. Chapman

ONE of Ford Motor Company's newest expansion projects is a large assembly plant now under construction near the village of Mahwah, New Jersey, not far from the New York state line.

Although this site is only about fifty miles from New York City, it is in the midst of a quiet countryside that dates its history back to the early seventeenth century when it was first settled by the Dutch.

The hilly terrain saw the marches and countermarches of the Redcoats and the ragged Continentals. Nearby, where the great New York freeway is being carved through, earth moving machinery not long ago uncovered the remains of a corduroy road laid down by Washington in 1778.

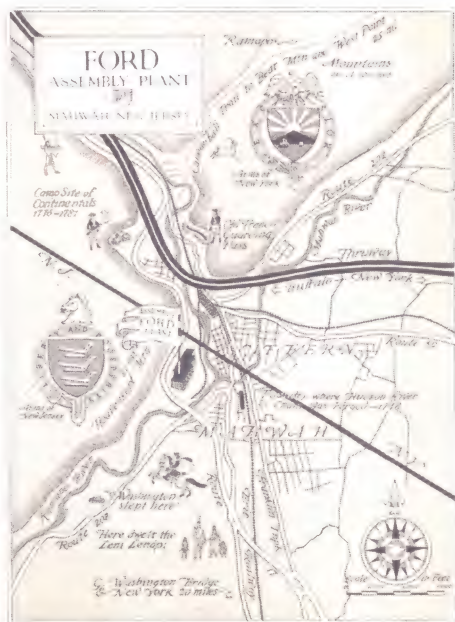
By the time of the Revolution, English had replaced Dutch

as the dominant tongue, although much evidence remains today of the period of Dutch sovereignty. Many of the Hollanders' fine old white-shuttered, red sandstone houses have survived, along with the names of their owners. Several houses within a fifteen-mile radius of Mahwah can truthfully say, "Washington slept here."

Just north of the village is the Ramapo Pass into the Ramapo Mountains through which were funneled troops and supplies by way of the old Cannonball Trail along the ridges to West Point when the British fleet controlled the Hudson River. Trenches which guarded the pass throughout the war were visible until recently when bulldozers scraped them away to make room for the new expressway to Buffalo.

The troops who manned these works were for a part of the time commanded by Colonel Aaron Burr, who seems to have found time to court the widow of a British colonel who lived at Paramus, fifteen miles to the south, which was quite a ride on horseback. Burr married the widow, became Vice-President, and killed Alexander Hamilton in the famous duel at Weehauken twenty-five years later.

Mahwah had the iron foundry at which was forged the great chain which was stretched across the Hudson at West Point to bar the British fleet from further advance. This neat bit of naval strategy helped to bring about the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, shutting off all aid for him from New York. Gentleman John's surrender led directly to France's formal entry in the war and final victory. Wash-



ington was in command of all these operations. It was under his direction that Mad Anthony Wayne took Stoney Point only ten miles from Mahwah. It was near Mahwah that the French under Lafayette combined with Washington's little army and started the campaign which ended the war at Yorktown with the surrender of Cornwallis.

Mahwah's ancient foundry is still occupied, and Lord Sterling's iron mine, which fed the foundry, is a few miles to the north of the new Ford site. Lord Sterling entertained Washington at the old Erskine Manor, now a state museum housing among other historic objects links of the great chain.

The New York State Thruway, now being completed, brushes past New Jersey practically at Mahwah's doorstep, and the town is experiencing the same economic revolution and physical change that is being felt all along the highway's route up the Hudson for fifty miles north. Even the channel of the Ramapo River has been changed to provide access to the Thruway from highways near Mahwah.





Rabbit Ear Peaks, north of Clayton, New Mexico

POINT OF ROCKS COUNTRY

by Veda N. Conner

photographs by John Winchester

IN THE northeast corner of New Mexico, a stone's throw from the famous guest house and luxury lodge region of Raton and the Pecos, lies a lesser known area of great beauty, with a great past and a great future.

Roughly speaking, this country forms a huge triangle. Its base is New Mexico Highway 58, between Springer and Clayton. Its hypotenuse is U.S. 64 and 87, Clayton to Raton. The short side is U.S. 85, Springer to Raton.

It is a country of solitary peaks made blue-green by juniper and pine, of extinct volcanoes, of small lakes known to deer, geese and antelopes, and of great cattle ranches. Almost at its geographical center is Point of Rocks, a 600-foot red cliff jutting from the range.

Around the base of the cliff are the ruts of the Santa Fe Trail, here called the Cimarron Cutoff, or the Desert Route. No highway is more deeply engraved in the history of courage and heartbreak of the American West. Although seventy years have passed since the railroad supplanted the Trail, the ruts of the wagon trains are still to be seen—in some places four feet deep.



← *In places the ruts of the Santa Fe Trail are four feet deep*

It was at Point of Rocks in 1841 that Kit Carson wrote a new chapter in our expansion when he went to avenge an Indian attack on a wagon train of typically unwary, untrained Easterners, greenhorns of the most piteous sort.

For the first time in the West, Carson was armed with Colt's new revolving pistol. Up to then the pioneers had one-shot rifles with which to face Indians who could shoot an arrow every two seconds from a quiver of forty. The Apaches attacked at dawn, were met with a single volley and then charged in to finish off the "unarmed" wagoners. Seconds later, the few panic-stricken Indians still able to do so ran away to spread the word that a new day had dawned on the Santa Fe Trail.

The points of interest in the region are many. At the village of Folsom was found a spearpoint in the ribs of a bison, indicating that man was here 20,000 years ago. There is Mt. Capulin, called the world's most perfectly formed volcano, with a picnic area on top and views of Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado.

There is Clayton, where the notorious Jack Ketchum was hanged to the accompaniment of fiddles and guitars. There is Sierra Grande, 8000 feet of solitary majesty. And there is Springer, where the cattlemen make deals and the setting is right from a Western movie.

To visitors the great fascination of the Point of Rocks country lies in observing a kind of life they thought was passed—immense cattle ranches in action, stories of the two-gun days, and the rolling grass of the Great Plains under enormous skies.

Fishing and big game and turkey hunting are excellent; so are the motels and restaurants of Clayton and Springer. Though Clayton has an annual Western dance and Springer a lively rodeo, neither does much to "keep the Old West alive" or lure tourists.

The tourists come anyway, for the Old West is still alive here. The Cimarron Route has left deep marks. ■

← *The Sangre de Cristo Mountains lie west of Point of Rocks*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

The Dog Team, famous for its Vermont food, is three miles north of Middlebury, Vermont, on U. S. 7. Guest rooms overlook the historic New Haven River which provides excellent fishing. Breakfast served from 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m., lunch from noon to 2:00 p.m., and dinner from 5:30 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Reservations necessary from October 12 to June 1. Closed December 5 through Jan. 15. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities.

MULLED CIDER

1 gallon apple juice or pasteurized cider
2 cups light brown sugar
5 sticks cinnamon
1 tablespoon whole cloves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon allspice

Heat combined ingredients. Do not let come to a boil. "Mull" for at least an hour. Serve hot with wedge of lemon. This drink with a small piece of butter and a jigger of rum makes a real New England hot buttered rum.

←*painting of The Dog Team by Charles Kinghan*

←*painting of Evans Coffee Shop by Raymond Thayer*

Evans Coffee Shop is a delightful restaurant filled with Early American antiques. There is a terrace for outdoor dining in warm weather. Meals served every day from 7:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. It is just five miles from the White House at 4770 Lee Highway (U.S. 29 and 211), Arlington, Virginia.

BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

3 pounds chuck or round beef,
cut in $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cubes
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds beef or lamb kidney
2 medium-size onions
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Accent
1 tablespoon salt
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons A-1 Sauce
3 tablespoons parsley, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour
4 cups stock, rich as possible

Biscuit dough or flaky pie crust

Remove membrane on kidney, wash thoroughly, then cube and allow to marinate for 1 hour in oil, vinegar and seasoning. Chop onion and brown in fat, then add cubed beef and sear well. Add kidneys and marinade, cook until kidneys brown. Add stock and flour, and cook for 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Pour cooked mixture into a pudding pan or casserole and cover with biscuit dough. Bake in 400° oven for 10-15 minutes. Lower heat to 200° and bake 15 minutes more. Makes 10 liberal servings.



Wiedmann's Restaurant A hungry patron will never miss out on a meal here for the two dining rooms, the 1870 Room and the Plate Room, are open twenty-four hours a day. It is on Twenty-Second Avenue (U.S. 45) in Meridian, Mississippi.

BLACK BOTTOM PIE

CRUST: Crush 14 gingersnaps and roll out fine. Add 5 tablespoons melted butter and pat into 9-inch pie pan. Bake in 350° oven for 10 minutes. Cool.

FILLING:

2 cups milk, scalded
4 egg yolks, beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares bitter chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon gelatin
4 tablespoons water
Add yolks slowly to hot milk. Mix

sugar and cornstarch, stir into milk. Cook mixture in double boiler for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally until it coats spoon. Remove from fire. Take 1 cup hot custard and add chocolate to it. Beat well as it cools. Add vanilla to chocolate mixture and pour into crust. Chill. Dissolve gelatin in cold water and add to remaining warm custard. Cool.

MERINGUE: Beat 4 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar until stiff. Then add 2 tablespoons whiskey. Fold meringue into plain custard mixture and pour into pie shell. Top with 1 cup whipped cream and sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ -square shaved chocolate over pie. Chill. Serves 6-8.

←*painting of Wiedmann's Restaurant by Corydon Bell*

←*painting of The Alpine Restaurant by Crawford Livingston*

The Alpine Restaurant features good food and friendly service. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Closed December 25-26. It is on U.S. 82 and 319, a mile west of U.S. 41 at 718 W. Seventh in Tifton, Georgia.

PEANUT PIE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup peanuts, well toasted
3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 cup white Karo syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon butter
Pinch of salt
2 tablespoons peanut butter
1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Beat eggs, then add sugar and beat well together. To this add syrup, salt, butter and peanut butter. Mix at medium mixer speed for 5 minutes or until thoroughly blended. Pour into pie shell and sprinkle peanuts over top. Bake in 300° oven for 45 minutes. Cool before slicing.

APPLE BROWN BETTY

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound graham cracker crumbs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 fresh tart apples, sliced very thin
1 cup fruit juice from canned peaches or pineapple

Blend cracker crumbs, sugar, cinnamon, vanilla and melted butter. In greased baking dish arrange alternate layers of crumb mixture and apples. Top layer should be crumbs. Pour juice over it and bake in 350° oven for 30 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 10 portions.



Caniglia's Pizzeria and Steak House

Nearly 25,000 customers a month are served at this restaurant which is owned and managed by the four Caniglia brothers and their mother. Open on weekdays from 5:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; Sunday from 2:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. The address is 1114 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

RAVIOLI

3 cups flour, sifted
2 eggs, slightly beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons water

Filling: Brown 3 cups ground beef in hot fat. Add 3 cloves chopped garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 egg and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Cool.

Make a well in center of flour and drop in eggs, salt and water. Mix with a

fork and knead for 20 minutes. Roll on floured board until very thin. Cut into 2-inch squares. On half of squares place a teaspoon of filling and then moisten edges of square with cold water and place a square on top and press edges together with fork. Drop into rapidly boiling salted water; boil for 20 minutes. Remove from liquid and serve with Italian tomato sauce and top with grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 6.

←*painting of Caniglia's Pizzeria and Steak House by Bill Hammon*

←*painting of The Red Barn by R. V. Hunter*

The Red Barn is a rustic restaurant which was converted from a stable to a restaurant in 1947. During the winter a camp coffee pot is kept over the fire in the Pine Room fireplace and coffee is served to guests as they sit down. Dinner served from 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. every day. Reservations advisable. It is near the La Huerta Bridge on North Canal Street just off U.S. 285 in Carlsbad, New Mexico.

COUNTRY SALAD AND DRESSING

Peel fresh firm cucumbers. Cut in half lengthwise. For each serving place a half cucumber in a crisp bed of lettuce. Top with Roquefort dressing. A perfect companion for broiled steak.

ROQUEFORT DRESSING

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound Roquefort cheese,
or 1 pound blue cheese
2 cups mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream
1 lemon, juice
1 small onion, grated

Combine ingredients and mix until creamy. Makes 1 quart. Dressing may be bottled and stored in the refrigerator.

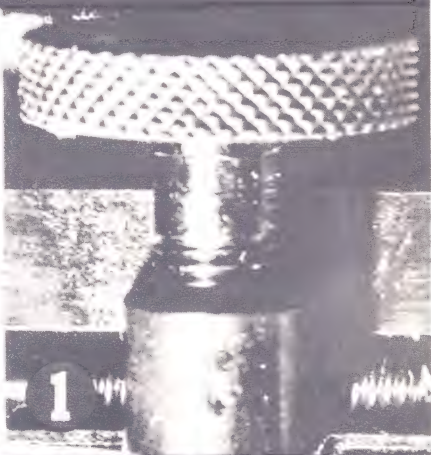
GAME SECTION

What Is It?

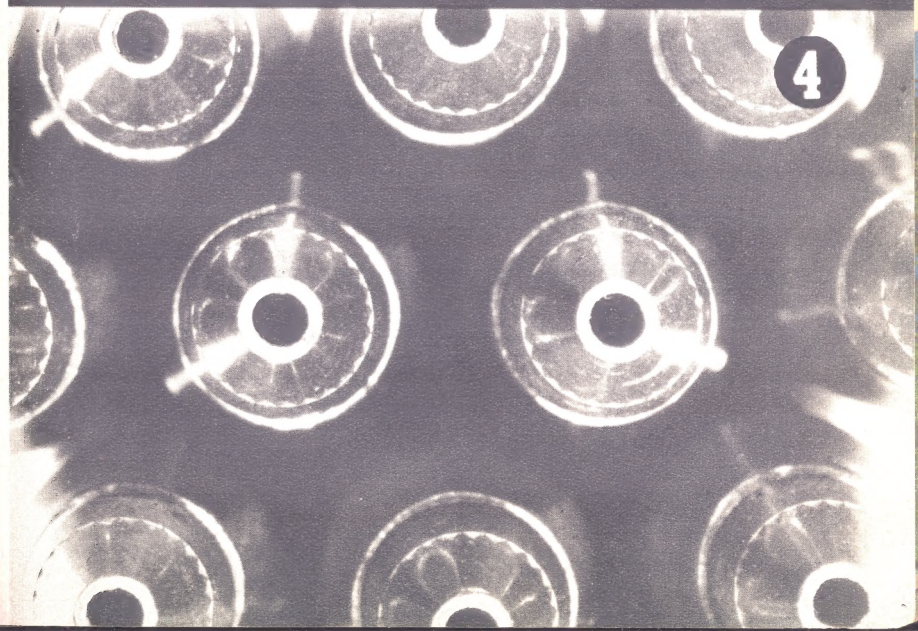
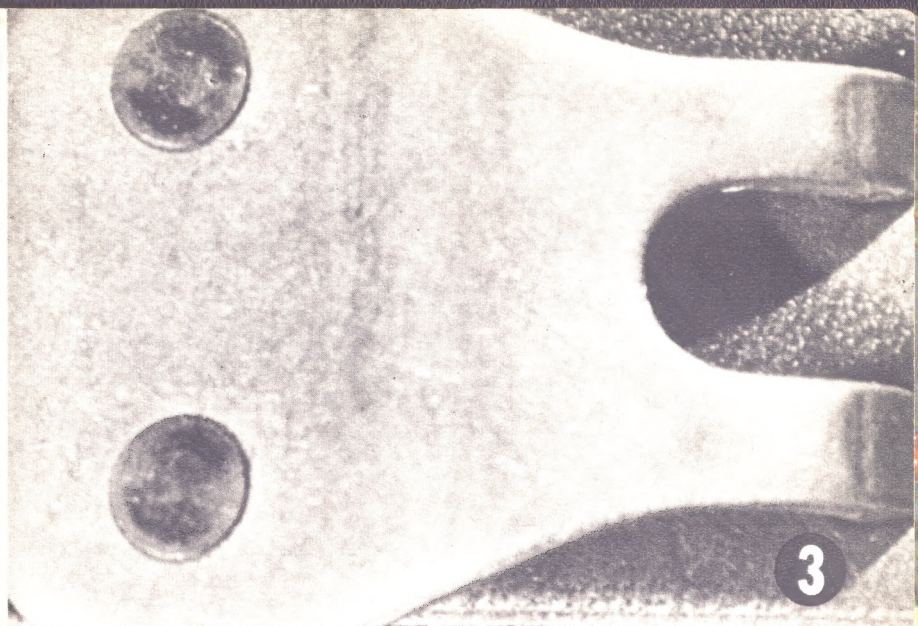
Hunters should do well on naming the objects in this quiz. See how many you can name before checking the answers below.

photos by B. Newman, Three Lions

1. Rear sighting arrangement of a rifle
2. Cross hatching on a rifle butt
3. Adjustment clip on a rifle sling
4. Group of 30-06 cartridges



A close-up photograph of a rifle butt with a diamond-shaped cross-hatching pattern. A white circle with the number '2' is overlaid on the image.



Letters

UP WITH THE MODEL T

Dear Sirs: Referring to Ray Millholland's story, "By Model T to Hopi Land," in the October *Ford Times*, there was an easier way to accomplish going up a steep hill. My dad would take his 1921 Model T up in reverse. In this way the gas would flow by gravity to the carburetor.

F. R. LANGMAN
Islip, New York

... the time-honored method was to back up, but we learned to stuff rags around the hose in the gas tank inlet, then take the tire pump and pump air into the tank to force gas into the carburetor.

S. A. SPEAR
Phoenix, Arizona

... the story warmed my heart, but he must have backed up many a hill when the gas got low.

PHILIP H. NIPPERT, M.D.
Atlanta, Georgia

... why didn't he back up?

KENNETH S. MACKEY
Meriden, Connecticut

... I used to back up. Later I removed the tank from under the seat and

secured it to the front fender with baling wire and straps. It was a serviceman's dream and I had no more trouble with hills.

C. B. PHENIX
Decatur, Illinois

... Speaking of T's, a friend of mine recently reconstructed a 1914 Model T and dropped by to let me drive it. The distinctive sound of the motor carried me right back to my 'teens, and with no efforts my hands and feet worked in perfect coordination. O, boy! Let's stop now or I'll go into pages and pages of fond memories.

PETER TRAPHAGEN
South Pasadena, Calif.

... Please! More on Model T's!

PETER HARLEY
Dallas, Texas

Editor's note: Mr. Millholland's original manuscript explained why he had to jack himself up the hill, but this was inadvertently left out of the published version because of shortage of space, resulting in a flood of letters compounded equally of advice and nostalgia. The reason Ray and his dad couldn't turn the car around was that the sides of the dry wash were too soft for traction.

WHO STOLE THE TUNNEL?

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed reading the story on the John Henry country (October *Ford Times*) and the watercolors were excellent. The only fault was locating the Big Bend Tunnel on

the Baltimore and Ohio RR. The Big Bend is on the Chesapeake and Ohio—in fact the C&O's longest tunnel.

HOWARD SKIDMORE
C & O Railway
Cleveland, Ohio



Sold on the road (*above*) or boiled at home (*below*), crayfish are Louisiana's popular "lobster." See Kronengold's story, page 40.



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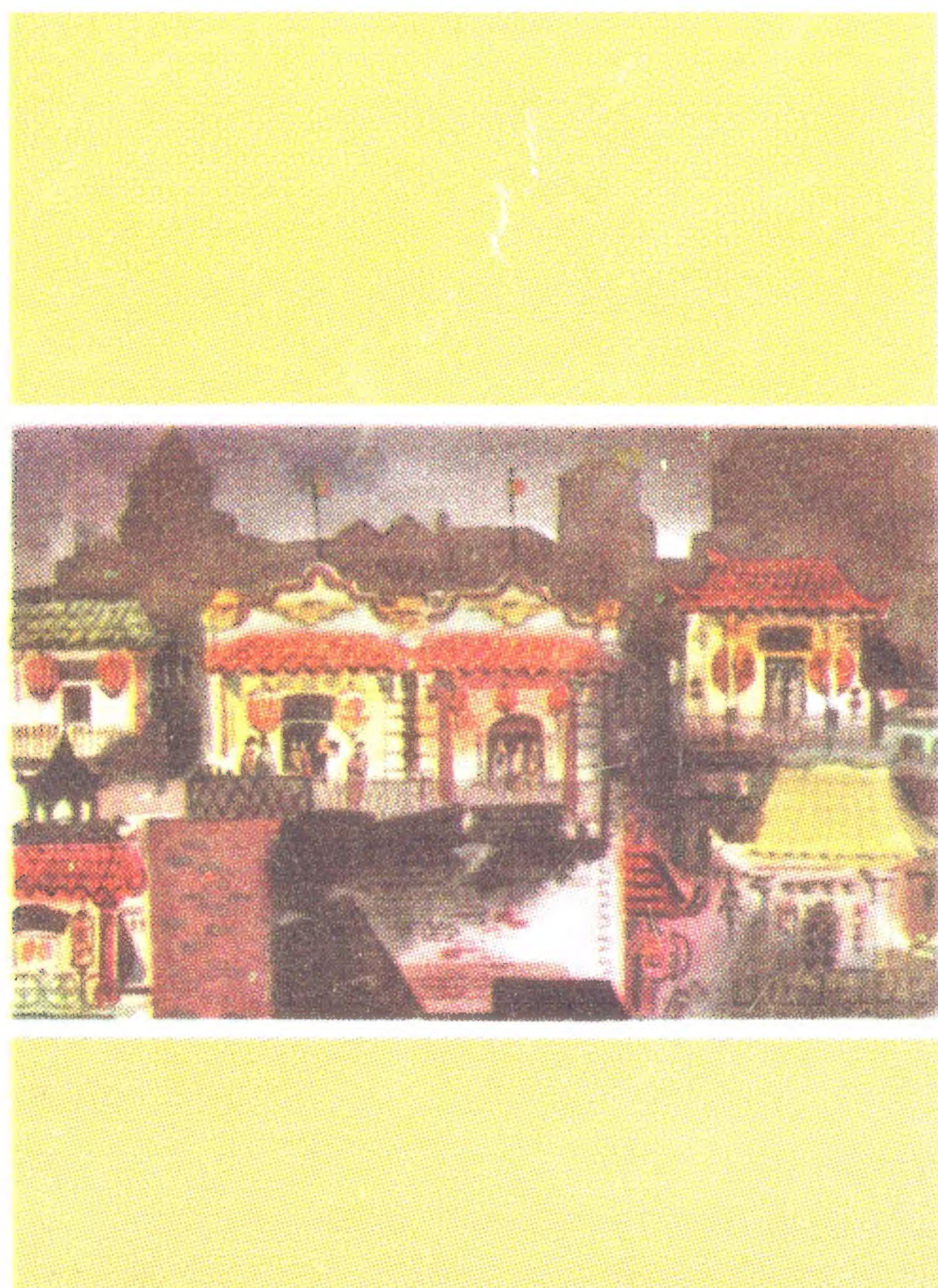
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Front cover—Old Chinatown shaded by new San Francisco. This painting, by the Chinese artist, Jake Lee, is among those that illustrate Charles Leong's "Chinatown, My Chinatown" (page 32).

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.